

on that little Quist  
it looks like that you  
would give me  
some satisfaction

The road is long and  
loosom the sea is wide  
and deep I think of my  
miss farrie when I  
am not there to  
shut

How come  
you to move to  
town what has  
become of uncle  
Ben Crumple

Will I chose

By asking you  
for insight